

## Castling King

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by [Gtaberr](#)

### Summary

Tommy hasn't been apart of the Craft Family in years, having left the house at an early age and being adopted by two loving husbands and their three other kids. Of course, Phil had

signed the adoption papers knowingly, more than happy to give his useless son away to another family. Though, a transfer student program forces Tommy to confront his past once more. Not as Theseus, obnoxious with low grades and a useless member of the prestigious Crafts. But as Tomathy, his infamous chess school's Sovereign Grandmaster and King of the Hill.

This is a story of a teenage chess prodigy finally showing the world where he stands on the pedestal, a hand twirling a pen and the other flexing the castle chess piece.

~~~~~ ☆ ~~~~~  
TLDR;

Modern AU Chess Tommy shows the SBI what he is truly made of.

🌀↪ Any possible Trigger Warnings are placed in the beginning notes!  
🌀↪ Enjoy!

## Notes

Trigger Warnings!

- ↪ Arguments
- ↪ Unsuccessful Manipulation//Gaslighting
- ↪ Kind of but not really power abuse
- ↪ Public Humiliation (Curtsy of TommyInnit)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Intensity flown freely through the dense air, paired along with the amused stares and intolerable crowding of the people made the entire situation uncomfortable, to say the least. Most of them were students from varying schools, all of which were fortunate enough to be chosen to be present today, fingers dragging across chess boards as heavy pieces were lifted and shifted. The clicks of chess clocks that were heard echoing throughout the room died down, leaving but a singular table's clock to resume ticking. Table 1.

Curious eyes, amused ones, those who held hope and those who would've already given up at this point observed the game intently. He doesn't like those who give up so easily, without defiance, it makes the game boring. The two students who sat at the first table were playing, one with their hands shaking. They never knew that this player, the one they currently face, was... This, absolute! This spectacular! They had heard the rumours, tried their hand at rising to the top, but this player already had the skills to be an International grandmaster.

The player paused, they had requested to resign a good multiple times, although.. Their opponent's insistence to stay and keep playing til the end, to at least give them a chance to regain their dignity. They felt as if their opponent was too kind, too forgiving. As their opponent shifted the heavy queen piece forwards, his gloved hand daintily and lightly tapping the chess clock as he whispered a soft yet assertive, "Checkmate."

They never felt more determined, a fire had been lit beyond their ribs, right beneath the heart as their opponent looked up to face them. Their opponent was spellbinding, even in appearance. With long bright blonde locks that shone aggressively under the sun's ray of light, sharp electric blue eyes that sparked interest and persistence in their every glance and step. They knew he had a tongue piercing, the metal gleamed underneath the bright lights of the room. But his lobe and cartilage piercings were more noticeable, with a black and purple crystal attached to several silver loops on one ear and two gold piercings on the other.

He was the centre of attention, the unmistakable star of the show. They understood now, why he was referred to as the Sovereign Grandmaster. "Good game." Even after all the tensy, the sharp air of which had been as suffocating as a noose strapped restrictively around his neck in attempt to block off his oxygen, he still smiled warmly, a small smile of sincerity that only his worthy opponents and close friends would receive. The smile that cut through mist and fog as he brought his opponent back to a calmer state of mind.

A kindness that the students of Ataraxia would witness on a daily basis, but not them. Not some random kid from an unknown school who sat the back of the classroom with a burning passion for chess, they don't deserve the gratitude of playing chess with such a desirable individual. "T-Thank you for the game." They stutter, a swift hand to cover their mouth in embarrassment as the male stood, not gracefully in the way he'd handle the chess pieces, more so in a fashion that would be deemed disrespectful in the higher ranks. "I hope we can play again one day," He had said, a bow to his opponent before marking himself as the victor within the chess booklet he'd always carry around.

They hoped that it would be true, that they'd manage to have the graced opportunity to sit opposite Tomathy Dvanes and play chess with him once more. One of the Sovereign Grandmasters of Ataraxia Academy, and they don't doubt that Tomathy will just be improving by the day, by the minute.

The tournament was among the list of one of the multitude of long-lasting paced matches that Tommy had ever been apart of, the usual team of sovereigns had arrived this time. Including of himself, 5up, Andrea, Purpled and Eret. The leaderboard goes as it is, with Andrea snatching the first place for her age group. 5up coming to a close second with Andrea, Eret coming in 4th place alongside them. Tommy got handed the first place trophy in his age group, with Purpled coming in a close battle of 3rd. "I'm rather satisfied, the pickings for this year's state tournament were more challenging than the last, throughly enjoyed it."

Eret commented as they plopped themselves on the seat beside the bus's door, being the oldest, they took the responsibility of babysitter. 5up took the seat just across them, pulling out his own scorebook, "I need to revise my matches, especially the first two, I was thrown off a lot by the Danish gambit in the first match and I had blundered my rook and queen in the second." He commented as Andrea, who threw her backpack at the seat behind 5up— made a 'hand it over' sort of wave, and pulled out her custom made chess board.

Tommy and Purpled elected to sit together, Tommy enjoyed leaning against Purpled to sleep and Purpled preferred to sling his arm over Tommy at times. They used to have issues with codependency in the past, though they're still a teensy bit clingy presently as well, it wasn't as bad as it was before. "I want to go over my fifth match, their stupid, Sicilian defence was annoying to bust. I thought Najdorf was good enough to hold but I guess the fuck not." Tommy groaned as Purpled pulled his Ipad from his duffel bag.

Tommy had a second passion that involved sewing and fashion, where Purpled enjoyed art. He swiped through the screens for a moment before handing the device to Tommy, "Let's go through it, go on." Tommy rolled his eyes, knowing that Purpled is using this as an excuse to sic on Tommy and insult his chess skills. Of course, playfully. There was never malice behind Purpled's foul speech, such is extremely similar when compared to Tommy's blunt nature. "They should've skewered there," Tommy points out as the older between the two scowled. "Wasted opportunity." Tommy was known for being a chess prodigy, one who every young competitor feared, even the older ones.

Though, his more benevolent nature when it came to fun and worthwhile opponents was seen through and through after tough matches. Eret leaned over to the two as they hummed, "Your opponent was too predictable in a lot of areas, which causes a bit of a scare there. You never know their thought process or planning, just be wary with these kinds of people, double check for tricks, expand your viewing deck, all that jazz." Eret was a slow chess player, often using their time to be as productive as possible.

Analysing all and every possible opening on their chess board and taking their own sweet time, this often causes their opponent to be impatient and strike without thinking, and Eret can cut through their defences with practiced ease. 5up is a genius within their group, within the school even. He's well renowned for facing head to head with some of the best in the intellect industry, along with his twin Janet and his older sister Hafu of course. Andrea and her older sister Alexandra both had contributed well enough, having sat in the spotlight of glory and bringing Ataraxia the most they could offer.

Tommy, on the other hand, much preferred the calmer side of chess. The casual banter, competitive showdowns and friendly exchanges were his best memories of chess, trophies and medallions don't mean too much to him. Purpled doesn't care about chess enough to get too addicted, he's more fascinated in the Dreamcatcher events. Though he enjoys chess just as much as the others do.

The road trip back to Ataraxia was quick enough, the five departed the bus and stared upon their beloved academy. Ataraxia Academy of Chess was renowned, their acceptance rate was low and their admission examinations were ruthless. Though, the school itself was absolute haven. Entering campus under the late guise of the weight lifting moonlight, the 5 soon said their peace and headed for their own dorms. Tommy visited home on the weekends as Purpled would crash at his older brother's apartment for them begrudgingly, so they often cherished their time alone at Ataraxia.

Their third roommate, Sovereign Master Drista Miracle greeted them at their dorm's doorframe. "Welcome back whores! How was the tournament?" She asked, inviting them in as Tommy stretched, "Bit' more challenging than the last one for sure. It was fun." A smile flashes Tommy's features as Drista laughs. "Get some rest, we have assembly tomorrow and we don't want you two to be lacking during Friday assembly." She teases as Purpled scoffs, retreating to his room. "Thanks Dris, I'll see you tomorrow," he waves, entering his room and leaving his messenger bag by the wardrobe. The bag itself used to be a plain old bag with nothing of interest, though, Tommy's siblings had transformed it into a family project to be gifted to him.

Tommy tapped on the projected buttons, activating the heater as he turned to the desk, his mug was sat there. Honey lemon was made for him, by Drista. The moron. Tommy chuckled and sipped on the drink before turning to his calendar that projected onto the wall, he didn't know why, but it seemed as if something was going to.. Happen, tomorrow. And he didn't know what. Chugging down the rest of his honey lemon, Tommy slid the mug back into the holder and climbed up his lofted bed, slipping under the warm sheets he and his brother had so lovingly knitted and dozed off within minutes. Unbeknownst to him, the morning to come would be a welcome surprise, with a

distasteful surprise hidden right by the doorway.

The morning would rise, with rays of sunlight shining into the dorm as the tear remains of last night's rainfall would scatter itself on the surface of the balcony door. It would so as Tommy arose to the obnoxious repetition of his alarm clock, sitting upright, the teen snapped his fingers and waited for the alarm to drown itself out. His eyes narrowing at the time before pushing himself off the soft mattress and straight to cleansing himself for morning assembly. While most schools don't require a uniform, Ataraxia is one of those exceptions.

Prestigious isn't the right word to describe Ataraxia, you didn't need fame, money or academic success to apply. Instead, the school only asks for your chess appraisal to be Class B and above. Of course, the school board themselves suggests you to take the mandatory tests and nation-assessments online, but that isn't necessary to apply. Tommy bore on a casual wine red turtleneck and threw the school's mandatory vest on top of it. He slid open the drawers to pick out his nametag and sports house pin before cautiously pinning both onto his vest's lapel. He then picked up an armband with decorative symbols and words that spell out his position in the council.

Tommy belonged in the House of Rook, they are known as the directors, those who understand and conquer, the protective warrior who rules the endgame of a chess match. As well as being stereotyped to being aggressive and efficient leaders. Grabbing only his pencil case and notebook, —which also acted as his scorebook— Tommy left his room to see Purpled cooking up a breakfast for the three and Drista diving headfirst into the school's chess site, probably to prepare herself for the classes' daily games and pop quizzes.

Tommy, stifling a yawn, approached Purpled and wrapped his arms around the others' torso. "Mornin' Purpled." He greeted, humming as the older teen sighed. "Grab your serving and go, cockface." Purpled shoved Tommy away with one hand as he returned to his coffee brew. It was Valentines day when Astelic had teased Purpled for not having a Valentine, so the older teen begrudgingly asked Tommy to assist in making Astelic envious over their 'affectionate relationship'. It wasn't terribly hard, to have to constantly be in the other's hold for hours at a time, especially with their issues. The hard part was actually acting like a couple, so Tommy came up with a solution.

He would wrap his arms around Purpled's torso upon meeting and the other would occasionally hold his hand, that was all they needed. Though it did eventually become habit and the entire school had presumed them to be dating, not the best assumption, since Tommy and Purpled both are incredibly aromantic. But their plan did work in the end, so Tommy ended up getting a free meal alongside Purpled to the curtesy of Astelic.

With a scoff and a roll of the eyes, Tommy grabbed his plate,—a white porcelain one with a red outline and splattered paint on the surface— and allowed Purpled to serve the omelette from the pan and slid it onto his plate. With a light hum as thanks, Tommy sat down and pulled out his tablet, scrolling through the Ataraxia Academy student forum and watched the live chats and games go on while scarfing down on his omelette.

*'Andrea is top of her game today, christ!'*

A comment by one of Ataraxia's professors blipped in the chatbox of Andrea's mini match, Professor Cleo's art classes were beloved within the walls of Ataraxia.

*'she just had a state tournament yesterday, this is definitely still high on the thrill'*

The student wouldn't be wrong, the aftermath of tournaments never fails to leave the students high on excitement and ecstasy even after a full day.

The first run of the school's bell had sung its tune, as Purpled, Drista and Tommy stand to leave the dormitories. Most studies would've left before the bell's first ring to ensure a nice spot in the middle patch of the assembly hall seats, though the trio had their own reserved right at the front, just behind the teachers. The academy's student council had a position affectionately named Sovereignty Divinity, and their hand chosen assistants were nicknamed the Sovereign of the Hill. Tommy was one of the King of the Hills, where Purpled was a student prefect and Drista a Helper Board member.

So they had their own assigned seats, not much rush. Entering the hall was as usual, those whose chess ratings were barely above Class B all stared in great awe. The school's stars also had a fancy nickname to them, the Sovereign Grandmasters. Among those were only 8, inclusive of Andrea Botez, Alexandra Botez, 5up Bayion, Tomathy Dvanes, Purpled Champion, Drista Miracle, Eret Alastair, and Fredrick Linu. They used to be a decorative title given to those whose names were the heat of gossip, but the professors eventually picked up on this and suggested the stature to very specific students.

Tommy's seat was located just behind Professor Wels, and he greeted Tommy with a salute and nod. "Great start to the day, Tomathy?" Wels is one of the few teachers who still referred to Tommy as 'Tomathy', mostly due to Wels' fascination regarding the medieval periods and chivalry. "Mm, I'm still a bit hyped from yesterday's tournament. It was challenging, made me feel like shit had piled up my throat, but fun." Wels nods, "Well, if it's worth. I'm proud of you." Wels never missed an opportunity to tell his students how his pride stretches far and beyond for them, and Tommy is definitely no exception to that. "Thank you sir."

Tommy salutes as he leans back into his chair, attention turned to his notebook. The first page had a pocket filled with pictures of his family and friends, the second page had his name written in the centre and small coloured doodles surrounding it. Flipping through his notebook, he stopped on an empty page and sighed. Eyes closed, a virtual chessboard is internally projected, as the pieces set itself onto the squares. He plays black, and his opponent begins with a wayward queen attack, these kinds of aggressive beginnings aren't Tommy's ideal start.. Though, he's been struggling with them lately, so that's what he'll start with.

A mic echoes throughout the assembly hall, and it snaps Tommy out of his in-depth stupor. The headmistress stood upon the stage, Hafu Bayion, also 5up and Janet's older sister. Their.. Family tree is unexplainably weird, apparently 5up has three sisters and four brothers and he's the youngest in age despite being the designated older brother figure. Tommy elects to mentally tune her out, handing out the tournament medals usually comes last so he doesn't necessarily need to pay attention til then. Although, a certain phrase mentioned does force him to focus.

"Now I will, address a rumour that has been circulating academy grounds for a while now. The rumours are true. The four major rival schools in the Greater Essempi district will be conducting a transfer student program, where 10 selected pupils from each school will be attending the four schools consecutively for the rest of the semester, starting May." She announces, as a cacophony of whispers and murmurs bounce the walls of the assembly hall. Even Tommy, who seems shell shocked, is disrupted by the Sovereignty Divinity, who just so happens to be academy-beloved Eret. "There's no doubt in selection." Is all that they say, as Tommy exhales.

It isn't bad, Tommy will get to experience the schools attended by his older siblings. It's almost exciting actually, though, he's more terrified of the rumours spread in Ataraxia of the schools themselves. He's not believed in most, though some were confirmed by his siblings themselves, which he's not looking forward to. Such in question is well.. It's been said that the students of Silver Crest are known to be students of status and wealth, young entrepreneurs whose arrogance and ego seems to stretch larger than their brains because they just so happened to inherit a company that makes bank.

They despise any student whose name is meaningless to the media and often berate and taunt them relentlessly, his older brother confirms this. Cybec Ramp students are academic geniuses, coders, hackers, developers, mechanics, you name it. They're terrifying in terms of their skills and confidence, in fact, infuriating a student of the Cybec Ramp name is pretty much asking to get doxxed. His oldest brother seems to be the most aware of this, and his attempts in trying to have his younger siblings understand the risk are nothing if not fruitful.

His older sister is an assistant coach at ESSA, the highest-end sports academy around these parts. They are the ones who would beat you to a pulp without hesitation, they don't have the brains, but their brawn and muscle are enough to intimidate even the wealthiest of Silver Crests. She enjoyed mentioning how often fights break out at ESSA, they're ruthless with their fists and their kicks could land you in the hospital for months. Although, of course, Ataraxia has its own rumours, and Tommy himself can confirm few of them. One of which being how absolutely keen they are on their medieval hierarchy and their competitiveness when it comes to their matches.

They're the ones who'd embarrass you publicly and look innocent while doing so, to logic their way out of any situation with simple words and rebuttals. Tommy deems himself rather fortunate, the Dvanes family share different traits and skills and talents, landing them in various careers and schooling fronts. Which is also a massive plus in this transfer program, seeing as no matter what school they'll be attending, at least one of the Dvanes siblings will be there to cover your back and fight for you.

Evening rolls around, and the students are settled in their dorms and several other facilities when the headmistress of Ataraxia herself starts knocking on the doors of 10 students' dorms to send a message. Tommy, Purpled and Drista were playing a competitive round of tricky towers when their doorbell had rung. Able sisters played within the dorm as Drista went to greet the professor behind it, "Imperial Headmistress, Empress Bayion." Drista jokingly greets, sneaking in a curtsy as the headmistress promptly rolled her eyes. "A marvel, truly. Are all three roommates present?" She asked, as Purpled and Tommy both stood and gathered by the entrance.

"Good. As you've probably expected, as 3 of the 8 Sovereign Grandmasters, you're all requested to take part in the transfer program. Now, I will add, this is not a compulsory curriculum, you have the liberty to reject the offer and allow others to take your place." The three share a look as Drista takes the reigns, "No objection here. We're all perfectly fine with going." Hafu nods in acknowledgement as she taps the keys on her tablet, "Drista Miracle from House Knight, Purpled Champion from House Bishop and Tomathy Dvanes from House Rook." The three nod simultaneously as Hafu hums, "Alright, thank you! I'll send you three the application sheets later alongside the general stuff you'll need for the entirety of the four months, good luck!" She cheerily waves before bouncing down the halls.

After her leave, the three decided to split and deal with their own applications on their own, with Tommy entering his room, he pauses. The bed was situated in the right corner, a comfy mattress on top of the loft platform. His dresser was beside the two-step staircase and his laptop placed on the

platform beside the mattress with cushions to sit on just by the platform, a keytar was leaned against the wall beside the door with chess magazines and painted canvases hung up messily beside each other.

It felt so encapsulated in a way that embodies everything Tommy enjoys and lives for, a homely room where he lives out a dream. And Tommy only has three places he calls home, the hilltop house he was raised in with Sam and Ponk, the dorm room he shares with Purpled and Drista—which they plan on inevitably getting a place together after their studies—, and the observatory of the academy where he played his first chess match in; and where he played many more. He distantly remembers a time when he was much younger, but that place wasn't his home. It never had been.

With that thought in his mind, Tommy pulled open his laptop and rang his family. Quackity was the first to answer, he lived in an apartment with his boyfriends and likely just came out of the shower. "Hermannitttooooo~ Are you excited to come to Silver Crest?" The teen huffed, "As long as I get to snarl in some wealthy asshole's face, definitely." The other cackled, a hand wrapped around what seemed to be a glass of beer. "I already know someone you can mess around with while you're here." He smirks, the sort that reminds Tommy that this older brother of his is going to be a future lawyer, a harbinger of the law. "Glad to do so."

Tommy responds when his father and older sister's screens light up, "Hey Tiger! What's with the call? Oh, it's the little law loser, how's Silver going for ya'?" Hannah teases, she had an airy and assertive tone that made her sound condescending if you didn't know her. "Good, this little law loser is going to make valedictorian ranks. Same as high school baby." They hear Ponk's laugh as the three look to the fourth screen, "Cocky, I like it." Ponk commented as Sam smack the other in the head lightly, "Quackity, if you surpass your older sister in maths, I'll cover the pay for your law school after Silver Crest." He says, as Tommy other raises a brow. "That's so cruel Sam, you already know that Big Q's going to surpass her, at this point you're just looking for an excuse to call Hannah dumb."

Hannah sputters, causing a laugh to erupt between Quackity, Sam and Ponk. "I'll have you know I can pick you up and throw you if I so wanted to." Sam chuckles in return, his hands crossed as Ponk leaned against his arm. "She can." It was at this moment when the oldest of the Dvanes's clocked into the call, George's screen lit up as he seemed groggy, seemingly from waking up after a nap. "Gogy!" Quackity perked up, causing the oldest to focus his attention on the screen. "Oh. I meant to decline." Tommy chuckled as Hannah spoke out a 'Don't you fucking dare.' "I wanted to get some shut eye before I have to deal with you on Monday, Quackity."

He groaned as Sam tapped the table, a sound loud enough to be picked up by the speakers. "I'll wake you up on Monday if you can't get up George, just stay awake for the meantime, is that alright?" Sam teaches a minor course in Cybec Ramp, where George studies at. So it wasn't as surprising to hear, Ponk was an on site medic for ESSA, where Hannah works at as well. So she'll have to make a mandatory presence. "Fine, I'll do family bonding or whatever." Cheers can be heard as Quackity starts Alt-Tab-ing, "Jackbox, anyone?" He says, and Tommy pulls out his phone. "You're on."

Tommy's on the phone with Quackity and Hannah while he's awaiting the bus to head to Silver Crest, "Don't you have classes to attend?" Hannah berates her younger brother, who's seemingly scribbling on a piece of paper. "Haha. I'm part of the program, classes can suck my dick." Tommy snickers, "Classes can't, Karl can." Quackity has a lot of ex-partners, one of them being Eret, Tommy's literal boss. "Karl's dominant, wrong position." Quackity states, casually. "What the



fuck." "TMI, Big Q." The two groaned, a cackle erupting from the former. "I'm hanging up on you." Tommy growled unsympathetically, he can practically hear Quackity waving him off with a smug look.

"See you later mariposa, I can't wait to push you into the pool flora~" Quackity taunted as the older started threatening. Tommy rolled his eyes and hung up on his siblings, recklessly shoving his phone into the side pocket of the messenger bag before turning to Eret, speaking with their girlfriend Elaina. "When's the bus arriving?" The Sovereign shrugged before nudging Professor Cleo, who would be their supervisor, alongside Professor Wels and Professor Talia Mars. "2 minutes, they're just around the clattered street, the one with the rainbow-painted roads?" Cleo confirmed as Tommy nodded, taking a glance at their company.

The 10 students signed up for the program include of Purpled Champion, Drista Miracle, Eret Alastair, Elaina Xiare, Andrea Botez, Eryn Cyberonix, Beautie Jacquix, Toxxxix Support, and Bitzel Yuo. 7 of which he is personally acquainted with. The bus arrives soon enough and Tommy takes his seat beside Bitzel, opting to play League of Legends with him in the bus on the ride to Silver Crest. "League anyone??" Tommy called out as Elaina, Beau and Eret pull out their phones.

Purpled groaned and threw on an eyemask, leaning against the window and falling into a quick slumber where Drista put on a VR headset, seemingly watching movies..? Tommy can't tell. Andrea was already asleep and Toxxxix kept to her soundboard. Within about 16 minutes, the glistening academy that is Silver Crest came into view. Half of the students within the bus faux gagged at how absolutely unnecessary and ridiculous some of the decorations are, with primeforsaken marble floorings and chandeliers hanging from some of the ceilings. Fucking absurd.

The bus rolled up to the entrance as Tommy is the first one to get up and off, to be entirely honest, the Dvanes name isn't as well known as the Crafts or the House of Nyamelle or the Miracle family. So to say, only the Ataraxia side of the program knew of the Dvanes's— Must be because they usually introduce themselves with their middle names instead of their last, but whatever— Which is also why the students of Silver Crest were shockingly appalled at a young blonde teen running into the arms of their awaiting Senator of the Law Firm side of Silver. "What the fuck."

A black and red haired student of Silver nearly shrieked, taking a step back in confusion. Quackity, senator of the law firm, chuckled and pulled Tommy just slightly out of his embrace. "Lo siento mi amigos, everyone! This is my younger brother, Tomathy." Quackity called the attention of him as the six Silver Crest students— the others must be inside— gaped in shock. "Wait, really?? You're Quack's little brother??" A pink haired woman, her arms removed from her polite stance, exclaimed. "Yeah. Duh. Tomathy Innit Dvanes." A brunette, who has about 5 watches strapped around his wrists, spoke up. "I thought his last name was HQ?"

Quackity sighs, "That's my middle name. My full name is Quackity HQ Dvanes." The brunette gasped, "That's so! Bro!" The brunette seemed slightly betrayed over not knowing this fact. "Greetings, Silver Crest." Eret's kind and brooding voice cut through the relaxed atmosphere, a small interruption. "If we may." They ask, as an amiable appearing man, one with turquoise hair with a light-hearted pep in his step, smiled warmly. "Of course. This way, I'm Scott Smajor. I'm the president of Silver Crest, I'll skim through the basics, but introductions first."

He seemed nice, like the kind of person that's fairly simple to get along with. "Jimmy Solidarity! I'm of no important figure, but I am dating the president so I'm automatically really cool." Another blonde haired male spoke up first, as Scott smacked the dude on the backside of his head. "Jimmy!" He huffed, as the brunette with watches took it forward next. "Karl Jacobs! I'm the librarian of this school, but I also study here! Oh, and I date your brother." Karl giggled, and

Tommy rolled his eyes. "I know, don't worry. He gushes over you and a Sapnap every other day." Karl awwed, "No I do not! Fuck you!" The older shoves Tommy's shoulder lightly.

"Sneeg Snag, I'm a secretary to the Silver Cabinet and I'll be entirely honest, I'm glad y'all are the first to arrive." He exclaims, an exaggerated groan escapes his lips. "Oh? Why so? Are we not as intimidating as those who reside in the other academies?" Andrea asked, a hand gripping the red backpack she wore strapped to her back and her other hand remained in the pocket of her baggy pants. "No, no. You're just most likely the ones I'm actually able to speak to without pissing m pants, I'm not ready for ESSA to be glaring me down like a pig in a pen." Purpled snorted, "Even the teachers are judgemental."

Sneeg shivers, a pathetic crease of the brow visibly shown as another figure shoved him away from the view of the others. "Ignoring him, I'm Harvey Tapple! Senator of the Journalism Course, it's a pleasure." The male with the black and red hair sent a salute to the Ataraxia students, a welcoming posture taken upon himself. The final person among the present Silver Crest students, the pink haired woman, with a petite figure and an observatory gaze. "Hello, my name is Nihachu Nyamelle. I'm the treasurer for the Silver Crest Cabinet and I think it's a wonder to be able to be here today."

Nihachu Nyamelle. It's no question why she had held herself so such a high standard when it came to etiquette with her stature, she was graceful and delicate in her movements yet shown no flaws in how she acted whatsoever. Every slight turn of her head and the lilt of her harmonious voice spoke a story of nobility, she was wealthy. It almost seems as if she were a doll, which genuinely terrified Tommy to the core. The House of Nyamelle is a name well known to the general public, they rule over the science field, with Nyamelle technology being sold and used all over the globe.

"Our other three are inside, anticipating your arrival with our supervisors." Scott informs the group as Eret extended a hand, "Lead the way." Tommy, detaching himself from Quackity's side, pulled out his signature notebook and fountain pen and took his usual place in between Purpled and Drista. Scott, tapping his foot twice on the ground, nodded before hurrying off, allowing the others to gradually catch up. Had the Ataraxia students initially thought the crystalline panels that served as the walls of Silver Crest were excessive, the inside of Silver Crest itself was more than spectacular when it comes to decor.

The entrance walking into the school was if they had just strolled into a mansion, there was a hallway down the middle with two stairs on either sides leading up to different corridors. As expected, a crystal chandelier hovered over the entire room, its gleaming magnificence is made itself known within the first second of stepping into the school. Already were there portraits of school students hung on walls and awards and trophies placed within glass boxes ready to be displayed and boasted about to anyone who stepped foot within this castle of a school.

Scott led them through the hallways cut between the stairs, where the school offices, detention centre and other teacher lounges were located in. Further down, they seemed to enter through a sort of tunnel before arriving to the school cafeteria. "I was instructed to show you the location of the cafeteria first, so.. Ta-da!" Scott made jazz hands leading towards the room, the tables were those you find in a household, not a school. There were individual seats and an island in the back where the students presumably get their food from.

"I, was not expecting this." 5up gaped, his eyes darted from left to right in a flurry of shock and awe. "What's it like living in the lap of luxury big Q?" Tommy asked, his elbow jabbing into the other's stomach playfully. "Shut the fuck up Tomas." A snicker, and then Scott led them out of the

cafeteria and they entered a different hallway where a barrage of students seem to be hanging out by the lockers. Most of them stared at the Ataraxia students with judgement, an unwelcome frown settled on their face. Others seemed apathetic to the situation, while the rare few flashed a quick smile and wave in their direction.

To which, the Ataraxia students would nod back in acknowledgement. "This way everyone." Scott led them further down the halls into a branch of different rooms, he headed straight over to the one in the middle and swung it open. "Welcome to Silver Crest Academia!" He cheered excitedly as three figures stood inside the room, their presences were well known, but undistinguishable to a certain blonde. "Oh shit." He muttered under his breath as Purpled and Drista glance up to him with a look of confusion. It seems as if the three figures within the room share the same look of recognition in their faces a well.

The first one, a brunette with a maroon beanie loosely fit on his head. He wore wire rimmed glasses plated with gold flakes and held a pen and some document in hand, he had the Silver Crest cloak rested comfortably on his shoulders with their uniform neatly paired underneath. The second figure, a man with an intimidating posture, who had his long pink hair tied into a french braid and wearing it over his shoulder with the same uniform, save for the fact that he wore a poet shirt instead of a dress shirt. His arms were crossed with black painted nails and multiple jewellery draped on his being, legs propped against the table.

The final person had black hair with white highlights, he wore a golden plated glasses with green and red tinted lenses and a black and white face mask underneath. Tommy knew these people, back before everything was well. Techno, was the first to speak. "Theseus?" Tommy cringed as the students of Ataraxia pursed his lips, they knew Tommy despised the hero for some unknown reason, and it became very apparent after the pink haired male spoke his name. "Tomathy. It's Tomathy to you." The blonde kept his face detached from the situation, eyes relaxed instead of its usually wide awe.

"I'm.. Well. This, if you haven't already figured out.. Is Wilbur Soot Craft, Ranboo Beloved Craft and Techno Blade Craft. The Ataraxia Academy students have arrived.." Scott, sensing the tension that raised between them, swiftly shutting down the argument before it can even begin. "Right. It's, a pleasure to be of your acquaintance." Techno speaks up, a remorseful expression taking over his features. The Ataraxia students introduced themselves, a quick turn by turn til Purpled nudged Tommy's arm. "Tomathy Innit Dvanes. I'm one of Eret's King of the Hills, Sovereign Grandmaster." He notices how Wilbur visibly deflates, good.

Tommy had ripped off his family's name a long time ago, he should be getting used to this treatment. They didn't want him after all, why should they be expecting him to want them? Tommy didn't miss Nihachu drag Wilbur and Techno by the ear over to the front seats to interrogate them. Quackity moved over to Tommy's side, with not much resistance from Drista and Purpled as he pulled Tommy down to one of the seats and whispered, "You didn't tell me it was the Crafts who disowned you! Holy shit, I should've never supported Wilbur during the election." Tommy let out a dark, almost sorrowful chuckle as he responded with, "I'm a Dvanes now. They're going to learn that soon enough."

ESSA and Cybec Ramp's arrivals went.. Uneventfully. Purpled's older brother almost beat someone up for staring at Purpled strangely—though they've never really had a good relationship — and Cybec Ramp were extremely antisocial. Eret seemed to understand what Sneeg meant by his gratitude now. Though, everyone did seem to notice the Dvanes family casually lounging in their own corner as the unspeaking George and the toxic assistant's coach Hannah casually started banter with their younger brothers. It was a shock to everyone, frankly. Most who weren't apart of their inner circle wouldn't have known of their relation with each other, it wouldn't even be

obvious due to their differing personalities anyways. The quiet and unexpressive George, the taunting and egotistical Hannah, the obnoxious stickler for the rules Quackity and the threatening and compassionate Tomathy. It was honestly a fever dream.

"So, can I un-ironically refer to you as my brother-in-law now?" Quackity asked Purpled, who had shoved Hannah off of the seat beside Tommy and planted his ass down on it. ".. As long as it doesn't get weird, we're both aromantic and romantic love is not in our space." Purpled flopped his hand over in Quackity's direction, which was in front of Tommy because Drista stole Quackity's seat while he was forcing Karl and Sapnap to sit beside him. "I know that, no pressure. So now there's three people in the family with a partner, it's Hannah's turn!"

Hannah punched Quackity's shoulder as the younger held his shoulder dramatically and whined, "Hannnaahhhh! That hurt!" The other rolled her eyes and scoffed as George smacks Quackity's head, "She didn't hit you that hard." Karl chuckled and pulled Quackity back to his chest as the older smiled at George, "You know, you're pretty intimidating." He giggled as the oldest Dvanes sibling looks Karl from head to toe. "How did someone as pretty and sweet as you fall for my excuse of a brother?" Tommy cackled, tilting his book forwards a bit to calm his laughter.

"If it makes you feel better, my first impression of him was that he was a ditz. Trudged into the library with stacks of book in his arms, turned to me and tripped." George sighed as Quackity started punching Karl's stomach. George's lover, Dream, pointed accusingly at Sapnap. "I'm more shocked that this violent devilspawn somehow caught himself a boyfriend, let alone two!" Dream exclaimed, circling his finger in disbelief. "Excuse you, I'm perfectly capable of getting myself a partner." Tommy nods, "Of course." Sapnap responds with an exaggerated gasp as Drista drums his fingers against Tommy's shoulder.

"Stares on you at 5 o'clock." She whispers as Tommy takes a side peep at the front row, subtly hiding his awareness to their behaviour. With a tut, Hannah shifted his attention onto him, "You good Tiger?" She asked, her chin resting against her hand. "This close to tearing a bitch open, why?" George and Dream's gazes landed discreetly on the front row students, George scoffing at them. "They're all just jealous, staring like fangirls in the centre of a live concert." Purpled shrugged and leaned his back against his chair, "More like monkeys eyeing your food in the zoo enclosures." Hannah stifled a giggle as she handed Purpled a fist bump, "Good one."

It was then the noise had abruptly died out, and the 3 teachers of each respective schools waltz in. The students eagerly return to their seats as Professor Halo, a well beloved professor in Silver Crest, took his opportunity to speak with the attentive students. "Hello, hello. I'm sure you're all aware of the events and how they're going to be played out. Our president, vice president, treasurer and secretary of Silver Crest's cabinet will lead you from here on out. So we won't be interrupting you all, have fun!" Professor Halo dipped into a sleek bow before him and the other professors take their seats on the sidelines.

The president, Scott, stood up and addressed the room. "Since this entire month is going to be entirely related to Silver Crest, me and the board decided to bring you on a little history lesson of this school. If you'd please follow us to the ballroom." Ballroom? Purpled grimaced, that wasn't a word he'd associate history with. Nevertheless, the students never questioned the president and stood, pushing themselves to follow the student out and back into the hallways. Purpled and Drista stood beside Tommy with a sort of dread, which Tommy thought was understandable, though even Jacobs and Quackity were somewhat unsettled.

"This school has a bit of a darker history, so bare with me." Scott forewarned as he set on some classical opera music as he put on white pointe shoes, the other Silver Crest students were quick to assemble. This was Silver Crest Academia, the school of perfection.

Quackity was the only one who stood on his own, with a solemn expression that neither member of the Dvanes family has ever seen on him. "Silver Crest used to be nothing, just a ballet class with stern coaches and even stricter routines." Techno, Scott, Solidarity and Karl propped themselves against the handle attached to a pristine mirror, their movement were creepily in sync, too synchronised that you'd believe they were robots. "The coach, one whose name is lost to history, was one of the best they had. Although, the requirements to have her as your coach were ridiculous, and only few were able to pass."

Nihachu stood out, playing the role of the coach as Wilbur strutted in, hands on his hips as he seems to observe his surroundings. "It didn't take too much time for a certain businessman to take this establishment one step higher, he aspired more, yearned for something greater." Wilbur shook hands with Nihachu as he flicked his wrist, having people move props and shifted new ones into the scene. Quackity changed his spot too, moving a sharp right as he seemed to free the view of the left. "He'd noticed how the ballet dances moved robotically yet with such passion, and his psychopathic mind started to wander."

Chairs and tables were carried in as Silver Crest took their seats, all mirroring the exact same posture and stance. Both arms on their laps with heads dipped low and backs straightened, "He transformed the quaint ballet class into a full blown schooling facility, where he claimed to discipline and correct even the worst of behaviours." Sneeg ran into the scene as the students all snap their heads to face him, with Scott acting as the teacher, arms folded as he stared disapprovingly at Sneeg. "A 'behavioural correction school', they had called themselves. Really, it was all harsh punishments and conditioning. This carried on for years to come, with no one even batting an eye to the disgusting treatment the students faced there until one."

Everyone stood, with Scott shifting from his role as teacher to student. And Nihachu walked in, head held high with a practiced smile plastered on her face. "A woman who was known for her oceanic expeditions and glories achieved within her years of living, a woman with a familiar name. Lizzie Nyamelle, she took back Silver Crest and made it the perfect school for the Nyamelle generations." Quackity clapped as the Silver Crest students quickly put away the props, "We decided to tell our history through this ballroom, where it's been said to be the original ballet classroom." Scott announced, flashing a wide smile as the other students gave a whole-hearted round of applause, mainly due to respect.

The Silver Crest students mainly gave them runarounds, introducing the school and ranting off about their history and significance. None of which Tommy had been paying attention to, he opted to simply scribble half assed doodles in his notebook while waiting for the others to let them off. Tommy mainly wanted to check out the mock courtroom they had, Quackity had offhandedly mentioned that they had one during his little rant about the school's education system and Tommy was slightly intrigued.

They eventually led them to the quarters they will be housing in for the month and Tommy shared a room with some Cybec Ramp student he never bothered learning the name of, they just nodded to each other and unpacked. It was around lunchtime for the Silver Crest students when Tommy, Purpled and Drista settle at a table in the far corner. Eret and Elaina join them, "How are you all settling?" Eret asked, ever the leader. "I got roomed with a ginger, he's Cybec." Tommy mentions as Eret lights up, "A ginger from Cybec? Oh, you must've come across my dear brother then. He plays chess too." Tommy nearly choked on his coke, "You don't look similar at all!" Eret heartily laughs in response.

"So I've been told." Elaina sighs, "Fundy's mother is hot. Eret's dad is terrifying." She groans, hiding her face with her hands. "What about Evie and Jen? Or Einshine? Hell, you eyed my uncle Ssundee and my cousins Kelly and Carly!" Eret scoffed and Elaina jabbed Eret's stomach, "Your

entire family is the definition of pretty Alastair! You can't blame me for admiring those who share your genes." She retorted as Drista interrupted them, "Would you like to meet my brothers and sisters Ela? Dream and Foolish have the entire ESSA pining on them!" She picked up her fork and pointed it at two individuals in ESSA uniform sitting in the right-centre of the cafeteria. "Ew, they look like douches."

Elaina turned to snag a peek as Drista shrugged, "Dream's definitely a douche, Foolish is a himbo." She commented and Purpled looked up, "Punz is down bad for Foolish despite having a whole club based on worshipping him." Is all he says before Eret starts cackling, "Oh, sure. Okay. But George is the pretty boy of Cybec Ramp and Big Q has like.. 4 exes. Hannah has dudes and chicks sending her the eye every time she has to demonstrate some starting and defence position during sports periods. If we're trying to talk about how pretty our siblings are, I deserve that win." Eret bobs his hand up and down in a 'so-so' motion as Ela chuckled, "Nahh. Eret's the prettiest." She smiles as Purpled removes his earphones, "Simp."

They bantered for a good while longer when Nihachu starts to approach their table, "Oh shit. Good girl grand at 5 o'clock." Drista states as the former arrived, tilting her head, asking for permission to sit. Eret nods and pats the seat beside them, "Greetings, I apologise for the interruption." She starts before relaxing her shoulders, allowing herself to fall into a more, natural posture. Raw and unfiltered. "No worries, Nihachu. Is there a reason you decided to join us?" Tommy held the reigns of the conversation, as the other hummed. "Call me Niki. Tomathy right? Sorry, I'm used to hearing you being referred to as Theseus, by Wil and Techno." Tommy tenses just slightly as Purpled moved a hand over to his shoulder, in a small attempt to comfort the blonde.

"Yes, people know me by Theseus. Friends call me Tommy." Niki nods, "I just.. Wanted to ask you something." She says, her 'perfect m'lady' poise seems to be gone, faltered. As a more delicate and unseen side of Nihachu, Niki, takes place. The subtle sign of trust and vulnerability causes Tommy to tense. "Hit me." Tommy shrugged, and Niki takes a hesitant breath. "Did Techno and Wilbur actually mistreat you? I know it's a sensitive question but—" Tommy cuts her off, "It's more Wilbur mistreated me and Techno watched, but I guess so." An uneasy silence is shared throughout the table when Drista and Eret catch Niki with a balled fist, a weak attempt to soothe her anger.

"Thank you for informing me of this." She managed to choke out before excusing herself politely from their table, though she stormed towards Wilbur with ferocity that Tommy himself got caught terrified with. **"Wilbur Soot Craft!"** Hearing the soft spoken and kind hearted Nihachu Nyamelle scream Wilbur's name was comparable to that of hearing the Queen of Hearts from Alice in Wonderland yell 'off with his head'. The volume itself was more than enough to shake the crowd and the raw anger manifesting in her posture and soul was on display for the world to see.

Though Tommy must say, the way Niki so expertly held her grace and noble stance was admirable. She kept herself as if she was royalty, trained and practiced etiquette as if her life depended on it. With a deafening slap, Niki had so satisfyingly put Wilbur in his place like a dog baring its neck. "You absolute disgusting, meek-minded, egotistical, imbecile." Wilbur froze, even his eyes shone widely with uncontrollable fear. "I thought you were wayward before when we were 6, I was under the impression that you have bettered yourself after Ranboo. But I was fooled wasn't I? They were just a chore you took on to convince me to stand by your side, weren't they?"

Ranboo, after the mention of their name, made him shudder and curl in on themselves. Thank prime Techno at least had the shame to keep his mouth shut, although, the guilty silence felt.. Almost fearful. Wilbur on the other hand, was manic. "So what if they were? What if you were just someone powerful I wanted by my side? I choose to let you rise, I allowed you to shine beside me. Who was the person who housed you and hid you when your parents were this close to giving you

a backhand to the face? Who was the person who offered to be your friend when no one else wanted to befriend the walking talking Mary Sue?"

Niki faltered slightly, as Tommy gritted his teeth, rising from his seat with a spitball in hand. Neither student in his table or others bothered stopping him when he threw the crumbled piece of paper dead in Wilbur's face, giggles and chuckles echoed the cafeteria when Tommy slipped a rouge strand of hair just loosely behind his ear. "That's a tad bit rude, innit' Wil?" More than several unaware students gasped, in shock at how casually Tommy addressed Wilbur, in such a way that most normal students would be yelled at for.

"Though, you've always been like this hm? 'Theseus, I'm the only person in this household who gives a shit about you even though you're just a useless brat', 'Theseus, I taught you everything you know, don't embarrass me.' Insult me all you want, I'm desensitised at this point. But you can't just do that to Niki, whose been picking up your shit ever since you were a shit eating baby Wil. Aren't you too old to be a whiny and spoiled wanker?" Tommy tilted his head just slightly as Wilbur slammed his fist on the table, glaring at the younger when Techno stands and pulled his arm back.

"Don't argue Wilbur. Sit." Scott stands as well and approaches Wilbur, "Listen to him Soot, it's not worth to go further and have a professor be called in." With a hushed mutter, he glared Tommy down. "You're still and always have been a talentless, worthless bitch. Don't hide behind that facade of a chess board, meet me at the art classroom after school hours. I'll put you in your place." He threatened before taking his seat beside Techno, aggressively swatting away Ranboo's concerned hand. Tommy on the other hand, smirked, and dragged Niki back to their table.

Whispers still filled the cafeteria, the air of intensity hadn't left, and some people were confused. Some had put the pieces together, others opted to ignore the exchange. They realised, that whoever Tomathy was, he was important. Last name or otherwise. Niki, who still sat next to Eret—the older's girlfriend offering her comfort in the form of candles and tea—exhaled a shaky breath, lifting her head and sharing eye contact with the younger. "How did you not shiver at that? I almost fell to my knees." Niki admitted, chuckling half-heartedly as Tommy looked down, a hand reaching over to Purpled's and laying it on top of his.

"He did worse when I was younger." Niki frowned when 2 individuals arrived to their table, Quackity and George quickly moving behind Tommy and pulling the other up, with Quackity placing his hands on Tommy's shoulders and his gaze not breaking with the others. "You good?" Quackity held his grip grounding on Tommy's shoulders and George's hand wrapped loosely around Tommy's wrist. "Yes, I'm fine, mentally and physically. Come on, I'm past that shit." Quackity chattered in his usual manner, "Eh, eh, eh. Doesn't mean it wouldn't hurt." Fair point on his part.

"I'm really okay, bells' about to ring, we should be ready to head off. Don't worry 'bout me yeah? I've got a good handle on my emotions now, I can calm down on my own." George moved his hand to Tommy's hand and let it rest there, "Find us if you can't, I trust you." He simply states before dragging himself away begrudgingly, "Call dad and dad if you can't find us. Take care of Tommy brother-in-law, love you mariposa." Purpled nods and Tommy sits back down, "I knew Quackity had an affectionate side to him, but I wasn't expecting him to be so..." Niki started, causing Tommy to snort. "Soft? He's like that, his affection can be too much sometimes."

Purpled rolled his eyes, "I've seen it." Niki allows herself to chuckle and Eret stands, "Tommy is right though, we should probably haul tail. If you're going to compete against Wilbur later, wait for me. I want to watch him crumble." Eret comments darkly, knowing fully how Tommy's competitive matches tend to go. Tommy nods, he isn't one to back out of a competition after all.

Scott's in the teacher's lounge just before school hours, informing them of the incident in the cafeteria, keeping the conversations vague and simplified, and most were naturally confused, of course. Though, Professor Sam and Doctor Ponk honestly just seemed amused. Professor Philza seemed unsure, Assistant Coach Hannah scoffed and Coach Foolish hummed, deep in thought. Headmistress Nyamelle on the other hand, seemed concerned. "How.. Do you think this challenge will affect the students participating? I'm more concerned for Tomathy Dvanes's safety than Wilbur Soot Craft's reputation, we all know how Silver Crest students can be."

Headmistress Lizzie aged well, she still seemed young beyond her years, and her thought process is as meticulous as ever. "If I may cut in, madam. I'm not concerned, if the boy goes or leaves, he'll be humiliated otherwise." Professor Philza simply comments as Professor Grian scoffs, though he doesn't need to start, as Professor Wels speaks before him. "Tomathy is a capable student and an exceptional chess player, as much as I'd like to be concerned... As his teacher and mentor, I find that Tomathy has a very strong grip on his emotions and isn't intimidated by loss." Headmistress Lizzie nods, trusting as Professor Sam takes his own stand.

"Thank you, Professor Wels. I would like to reciprocate his claims, he's my son after all. If anything, Headmistress, Tommy would take the loss as a critique for his playing style, he wouldn't even bat an eye to Silver Crest's harsh... Treatment, no offence. All my children, Hannah, Quackity and George, have the same thought process. Win or lose, participate or not, he knows when to shut off the voices around him to focus on improving himself. Additionally, this challenge appears to be personal or at least concerns some past history with the opponent, best not to interfere." Some professors turn to Sam, Ponk and Hannah, who all seem rather confident. "None taken. Very well. If you're sure, the challenge may be resumed, I won't put an end to it."

Headmistress Lizzie declares as Professor Grian raises his hand, she nods. "If I may interrupt. Professor Sam, isn't your son, Tomathy Dvanes, the same Tommy Innit who won national tournaments and otherwise 16 times in a row for his age group? I've met him before during the Hermit Chess Tournaments, during slow rounds, he played for 4 and a half hours with current Hermit champion—and my best friend— Mumbo." Doctor Ponk's eyes widened, "4 and a half? He said it lasted 2 hours!" Professor Grian cackled, "Oh, if so, then we have to worry more about Wilbur's loss than Tomathy's." A grin spread on his face as Professor Philza paled.

"Should we vote on this?" Professor Sykkuno offered, as Headmistress Lizzie nods. "We shall." She dips her head in Professor Grian's direction, "All in favour of allowing the challenge to proceed, raise your hands. All who wish to take down the challenge entirely, keep your hands to yourself. All who wish to abstain from voting, hands on your laps." He instructed as Philza grit his teeth, if he were to abstain or deny the challenge, he would be seen as cowardly or arrogant. It had always been a lose-lose situation ever since his beloved son decided to challenge one of the Ataraxian princes. So he made his choice, to save his own reputation.

At least this way, he has a chance to redeem Wilbur's reputation by maintaining his own.

The art classroom was emptied out, spare for a desk and two chairs. Most students who came to watch sat at the very back of the class, while others who held a more personal connection with the players were allowed within the set perimeter. Wilbur was already sat at one of the chairs, with Ranboo and Techno behind him while Tommy's side is empty. Andrea, being known as the best chess player in Ataraxia and Eret, Sovereign Divinity of Atarxia stood just to the side of the table next to Sneeg and Jimmy. Several professors got seats within the perimeter, allowing them to



watch from a closer distance, or walk up to the table if they'd preferred.

More students were sat cheering for Wilbur, not truly believing that the younger Tomathy is at a higher level than him despite being apart of Ataraxia. Though, most were paid off to support Wilbur and distract Tommy, to pressure him. 50 minutes after school hours had ended, and no sign of Tommy caused several rumours to spread. And Wilbur to start getting impatient, he gritted his teeth as he swung his leg over the other in a stylish fashion. Techno was sat with his arms both on the rests, slouching against his seat as Ranboo sat up straight dutifully. Wilbur chuckled darkly, "Did our little challenger turn tail and leave? Was he too intimidated by my presence and actually back out? How fucking pathetic, the asshole couldn't even show face and—"

The door opens with Tommy entering first, boba tea in one hand and his custom-made chess set in the other in addition to a lollipop in his mouth as Purpled and Drista followed close behind. Drista had an energy drink with chips and Purpled preferred coffee and chocolate cake. "Apologies for being late, we went to get snacks because we were craving sugar." Andrea waved them off with an eye roll, "Don't worry, we were expecting this." Wilbur sputtered as he turned to Andrea, "He does this shit often?" Eret nods, "Every single fucking time." Tommy turned to the teacher seats as Philza made eye contact with him, "Theseus?"

Philza gapes as Tommy shushes him. "Ah, I'll unpack that can of beans later. I've brought my chess set, do you have gloves? I'm not keen on letting anyone touch my set without them." Wilbur grimaced as Eret leaned in, "All students at Ataraxia follow this rule, especially since we eat a lot during tournaments." Eret placed a pair of gloves on Wilbur's extended hand as Tommy set up the pieces, the crowd stared in awe of the beautiful set, the box itself was metallic black with symbols that represent him and his family on the cover with Tommy's name signed at the bottom. The board itself was raised slightly, carved with wood with intricate patterns and colouring as the pieces itself were heavy and smooth to the touch.

"Let's make a bet on this." Wilbur requested, as Tommy tilts his head, "If I win, I want your chess set." He starts as the crowd rumbles a low murmur, "I don't need anything if I win. Your loss and public humiliation is enough to satisfy me, bragging rights is a powerful tool." Tommy smiles as Wilbur sits up, smirking. "Bold. But you're not winning this." Purpled shoots Wilbur a middle finger as Andrea sets the chess clock to an hour, and Scott enters the art classroom with Headmistress Lizzie and Nihachu Nyamelle. The Silver Crest students are at attention when Headmistress Lizzie approaches the board, "White or black?" Tommy asks Wilbur, as the other scoffs. "White."

With a nod, Tommy flips the board around and Headmistress Lizzie addresses the challengers. "Last chance to leave." She starts, with both Wilbur and Tommy shaking their heads. "Alright, the rules are simple. No cheating, the two mates beside you aren't allowed to help you, you touch the piece you move it, when in doubt, ask the invigilators anything, no leaving the perimeter, no phones and no destruction of any kind. Am I clear?" She asks, and the boys nod again. With that confirmation, she gestures for Andrea and Scott to take over. "Purpled Champion and Ranboo Beloved Craft, you are both in charge of jotting down the moves. Drista Miracle, Techno Blade Craft, you are both responsible for keeping your player adept to the rules." Scott states.

"You are both playing not just for your personal gain, but for your schools. If there are no other questions, Tommy, you may start your opponent off." Andrea flashes an encouraging smile as Tommy clicks the chess clock, instantly entering the same serene state he's always in when he plays chess. Wilbur makes his move, pawn to e4. Tommy makes his opening by using Sicilian, with Paulson's variation of it. Bringing down his c5 is when Tommy decides to go easy on Wilbur, shutting down the analytic version of himself that was brought out when he played Mumbo.

Wilbur brought his knight from g1 to f3 as Tommy pulled his pawn to e6, Wilbur didn't pause as he threatens Tommy's c5 pawn, the boy doesn't feel intimidated, instead instantly trading his pawn. With Wilbur's knight in d4, Tommy brought out his own knight to lightly threaten Wilbur's. Though Wilbur did end up moving his knight to b5 as Tommy pulled down his King's pawn as well. Wilbur brought his pawn to c4 and Tommy pause, he could choose to play at an intermediate level and counter-react, or he could control the centre of the board. Wilbur has proven himself to be an aggressive player so far, and if Tommy had anything to say about it. Was that he himself was rather good at attention diversion, with a hum and 7 minutes off the clock, Tommy decided to play a safer route and control the centre with knight to f6.

Wilbur reacted with bringing out his b1 knight to c3, and Tommy to a6. Wilbur, threatened with the loss of his knight, hurriedly removed b5 from its position and brought it down to a3. This gives Tommy a bit more air to breathe as he thinks out a risk, to trade central pieces to clear it out, forcing Wilbur to pull his bishop. If he does so, Tommy reacting with his own as a diversion and to ease his castling wouldn't be seen as amateur.

So be it, with his 9 more minutes off the clock, Tommy risks the exchange and Wilbur bites onto it easily. The pawns traded and Tommy brought his knight to b4, to which Wilbur did indeed respond with removing his bishop from its hold, much to Tommy's pleasure. At this rate, Professor Wels and Professor Grian had walked up to the board to observe with a clearer mind. The two silently analysing Tommy's moves and his process. The crowd on the other hand, stayed shockingly quiet as well, clearly underestimating how restricting Tommy can make the air within minutes if he'd played as he usually does. In this match, Tommy's opting for humiliation.

Beating Wilbur quickly and efficiently takes away the fun, going slow and on the defence is boring and doesn't make much of a show. Although, if he'd played deceitful, play a game of faux sacrifice. That'd rile the crowd and send Wilbur spiralling, that'd be the type of game that Tommy wants to play. And he's 100% willing to throw away his pieces for his planned victory. Tommy pulled his bishop downwards as Wilbur sighs, castling. Tommy does the same, it was one of the things that brought Tommy down to a thought process. If he wanted to play deceitful, he needs to corner the king without Wilbur noticing, so as he jumps around with pieces, he starts to plan. Wilbur moves his bishop to f3, Tommy copies.

Wilbur attempts to pin Tommy's knight with the sleeping bishop, Tommy shrugs it off and places his f8 rook into a snipe. Wilbur gently shifts his queen upwards a tile, Tommy brings down his b7 pawn. Wilbur's a1 rook moves underneath his queen and Tommy moves his knight to sit temptingly above Wilbur's queen, which is promptly ignored as Wilbur moves his a3 knight back to its b1 starting position. Tommy, humming as he scans the entire chessboard, starts to get impatient. Though his end-plan is one that'll definitely give his dad a heart attack. Tommy needs to make Wilbur greedy, and Tommy'll give him all that he'll need, all to much.

Tommy threaten's Wilbur's G bishop and forces it down to H as Tommy uses his b5 pawn to threaten Wilbur's c6 knight. As easily expected, Wilbur threaten's Tommy's C bishop and Tommy pushes it away just slightly. Tommy tilts his head over to Purpled as the other hums, "20." 20 moves, that's rather little. Though, this might be a good spot to spiderweb through his possible moves and set up contingency plots, same as he did back in a tournament with Aimsey from Bubbs University.

She played tactically and almost set him up for each move, as if she'd used 30 minutes of her time to calculate each and every one of his possible moves, which she did, for your information. Tommy eventually beat her in a close combat with her two rooks and Tommy's singular queen and bishop, though it was sweaty enough that Tommy befriended the girl and they often met at the cat cafe in Jem Street. Back to the tournament, Tommy zones in at around the 39 minute mark of 60 minutes,

and he's feeling confident he can beat Wilbur before his 50th move. "What took you so long? Afraid?" Wilbur asks as Tommy shifts his a8 rook to c8, he doesn't answer, only responding with a kind smile and an impatient glare.

Wilbur brought his B pawn out to block Tommy's as the other pulled his G pawn from its protective King position, Wilbur retaliates with a Bishop exchange from his g3 bishop to d6. Tommy without a doubt, takes the bishop as Wilbur cautiously shifts his king pawn. Tommy moves his king's knight to sit comfortably above the queen while Wilbur stares, thinking. He retreats his bishop just as Tommy retreats his queen, expecting for a knight shift when Wilbur plays A pawn.

That's alright, no harm there, all he needs to do is move his A pawn too and the two exchange their pawns. Wilbur moves his queen, Tommy his bishop and Wilbur his pawn to stick up against Tommy's knight for whatever reason. Pawn for Tommy, Wilbur moves his queen instead of the knight like Tommy had expected him to, Tommy moves his king in a wasted move and Wilbur his F pawn. "You should give up, Theseus. Save yourself some face." He so confidently stated, as Tommy promptly ignores him.

Tommy paused, glaring down as he found his spot. A possible.. 8 move checkmate? Unless Wilbur's smart enough to not close in space that's a bit far fetched, though, he thinks he can make an endgame with 14 moves. Alright then, it's settled. Tommy exchanges his pawn as Wilbur finishes his exchange, with Tommy then attacking the king with a check. Wilbur bit his lip and moved the king away, visibly salty that Tommy had achieved the first check between them as Tommy moved his knight into a cornered position with his king.

Wilbur then.. Moves his rook up to f4, questionably. Tommy raised a brow as he attacked Wilbur's queen, a bold one, but one that'll deniably work. Though, Tommy expected for Wilbur to shift his queen away, save the major trump card that'll help endgame, but no, he decides to exchange the queens. To which, Tommy beams internally with. He can beat Wilbur in 7 moves if he plays exactly according to the web, with a breath, Tommy decides to wait. Throwing his knight in for sacrilege first, earning a boo from the crowds and a lot of laughter and taunting as Wilbur took the bait, Tommy takes the queen with his bishop as he watched Wilbur's initial amused look die down to one of dread.

He hadn't realised the sniping bishop at the ready, with a swift composition, the rook moves in to attack the bishop and queen. Though, Tommy kept his composure calm, tuning out all outside jeers and mockery as his eyes were glued to the board. He knew he was going to win, and with that annoyed grimace on Wilbur's face, he knew so. So Tommy gave up his bishop as he shifts his queen to a diagonal space, and Wilbur ate it up. With a satisfaction curled in his chest, he notices as Techno finally pieced together his win. Tommy rushed downwards with his rook as Wilbur armed his knights, a laugh was pushed out of him.

Tommy moved his queen downwards and Wilbur's knight moved to d2, Tommy took Wilbur's rook and Wilbur took it back with his other knight. Too greedy, too overconfident. Even the crowd caught note of this exchange as Tommy simply tilted his head and smiled, bringing down his e8 rook to e1. The atmosphere changed from taunting and humiliating, mocking Tommy for speaking so confidently towards Wilbur, to one of distant silence. This is what Tommy aimed for, no bored groans from the audience, no disappointed gazes and stares. Just silence, as everyone had realised that Wilbur's attention had been taken away from the board. He was only focusing on that corner, to greedily take and indulge.

He thought he had secured the win back then, but Tommy only smiles as he stands alongside his buddies, Purpled marking Tommy's win on Tommy's signature notebook as the teen bites down

on the lollipop, breaking the circular shape as he uttered into the air, his words portraying power and dominance. Telling everyone in this room that he is not to be underestimated, "*Checkmate.*" He hits the chess clock with delicate grace as the tick echoed within the room, Andrea checks over the board again and nods towards Scott and Eret, who both clapped. "The winner is Tomathy Dvanes, and this challenge is over."

There was absolute silence as Tommy kept his chess set, holding it under his arm as he removed the lollipop stick from his mouth. "Good game, Wilbur." And with that, Tommy left the art classroom with Purpled and Drista by his side. And others were quick to follow, leaving the Craft family alone inside.

## End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed!

There will be more to come after Arc 1 of BloodSav, there'll be four other books with 4 chapters each. Though this is mainly a Slice of Life fanfic with slight angst! So expect more fluff and BAMF Tommy shenanigans!

Drink some water, get some sleep, light a candle,  
And have a great day!  
Loves,

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